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COMMENCEMENT ODE.

I.

WHAT noble deed
Will each one bring
To crown the years, whose echoes ring
Within these halls?
What clamoring need
Will each one meet,
As forth he goes with eager feet
Into the world,—to falter, fall, or lead?
O let no trifle answer here;
With boastful or with timid cry
Make his reply!
The hour demands a deeper thought,
A longing with high purpose fraught,
And every worthy lesson caught
Afar or near.

II.

The breast-plate that your Mother gives,
On which her name untarnished lives,
Shall you with stainless virtue wear,
And her dauntless motto bear,
Until the day is done
And for her your trophy won?

O guard it even as your life!
Let no unworthy strife
Its brightness dim.
Add to its luster, if you will,
The story of your skill
In lowly place or great.
Add to it of your best
And leave with God the rest.

III.

This glorious hour
Is pregnant with undreamed of power.
'Tis yours to use.
'Tis yours to lose.
You cannot its gift refuse.
Shall not the Right know truer ring
Because of all your acts shall bring,
Shall not the truth reveal her own
Because her light within you shone?
Shall not each day your wisdom prove,
Nor power of earth your honor move?
These questions you alone must meet
As forth you go with eager feet.
O answer well!
By life, by thought, by tongue, by pen,
Prove you are men!

IV.

The portal swings to darkness wide,
And all your paths are yet untried.
But hope before you runs
With quenchless torch; nor shuns
The darkest way. With her unfading glow
What may not youth and vigor know?

V.

Yet dear as hope is, dearer still
Is Faith; faith in one's self; faith to fulfill
Whatever man has strength to will.
Faith to climb, but greater faith to stand
With patient, yea, with folded hand,
If need be, letting life itself translate
The hidden meaning of the order, "Wait."

For in my heaven both sun and moon is he,
 To my bare life a fruitful-flooding Nile,
 His voice like April airs that in our isle
 Wake sap in trees that slept since autumn went.
 His words are all caresses, and his smile
 The relic of some Eden ravishment;
 And he that loves me so I call : Content.

A PASTORAL.

It was Whit Sunday yesterday,
 The neighbors met at church to pray;
 But I remembered it was May
 And went a-wandering far away.

I rested on a shady lawn,
 Behind I heard green branches torn,
 And through the gap there looked a Faun,
 Green ivy hung from either horn.

We built ourselves a flowery house
 With roof and walls of tangled boughs,
 But while we sat and made carouse
 The church bells drowned our songs and vows.

The light died out and left the sky,
 We sighed and rose and said good-bye.
 We had forgotten—He and I,
 That he was dead, that I must die.

A JONQUIN.

IN THE PISAN CAMPO SANTO.

Out of the place of death,
 Out of the cypress shadow,
 Out of the sepulchral earth,
 Dust that Calvary gave,
 Sprang, as fragrant of breath
 As any flower of the meadow,
 This, with death in its birth,
 Sent like speech from the grave.

So, in a world of doubt,
 Love—like a flower—
 Blossoms suddenly white,
 Suddenly sweet and pure,
 Shedding a breath about
 On new mysterious power,
 Lifting a hope in the night,
 Not to be told, but sure.

MRS. J. W. STREVELL.

MRS. STREVELL was the only daughter of Dr. John and Esther Kelley, formerly of Pennsylvania. At an early day her father left the state of his nativity and settled in Ohio, where Mrs. Strevell was born. In her early childhood the family migrated still further to the westward and settle in Kalamazoo County, Michigan, where she grew up in the midst of the most pleasant surroundings. In all her early years she was the almost constant companion of a loving father who developed in her that love for the beautiful in nature which in all her later years has been an inspiration to her and is so strongly characteristic of her poems. After her marriage she lived for many years in Pontiac, Illinois. Here she was occupied chiefly with her children, at the same time taking an active part in the affairs of the Presbyterian Church, of which she was a member, and in the social duties incident to the position of her husband who was prominent in the politics of the state, and with whom she frequently spent the winter season at the capitol. Her pleasant home was ever open to guests from all portions of the state, and among those of sweetest recollection was a visit from Abraham Lincoln just before he was elected to the Presidency and left Illinois not to return alive. Another pleasing memory is of an autograph letter from Mr. Lincoln inviting she and her husband to visit him at the Presidential mansion. Occasional poems were written during these busy years, but not until 1880, at which time she took up residence in Montana, has she found time for travel and literary work. In 1895 a small volume in verse appeared, entitled, "Thoughts and Memories," which she used mainly for distribution among her friends. Another and larger volume may be issued the present year. The loss of an only and deeply loved daughter, coupled with ill health, have for the past few years made her life one of quiet seclusion. Her love of books has always been great, and from the quiet retreat of her husband's library she keeps in touch with a large number of friends, not only in her own country, but in many portions of the old world as well.

J. W. S.

MOUNT SHASTA.

MAJESTIC mountain, on whose lofty crest,
 I almost fancy, Angels poise in flight,
 Unite with Nature's harmonies, to bless,
 And praise thy Maker, in His matchless might.

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MRS. J. W. STREVELL.

The plaintive notes in woodland bird below,
 The breeze that wakes the tuneful pine's deep sigh,
 Loud anthems ; when the thunder shakes thy brow,
 All Nature, speaks the praise of God most high.

I fain would linger near, and gaze upon
 Thy kingly splendor and thy robe of light,
 Forget the lesser things, and feast my soul
 On Nature's nobler works ! Nor wish the night.

Unwearied hours of autumn afternoon,
 I looked with wonder, on thy majesty sublime,
 And now the starlit heavens and full-orbed moon,
 On thy resplendent beauty faintly shine.

Farewell, thou monarch of the rocky realm,
 I leave thee, in thy wondrous glory fair,
 And dimly gaze upon thee from afar,
 As day, and night, alike thy glory share.

WAITING FOR THE LEAVES.

I AWAIT the glad time when Nature,
 Shall weave her garlands fair,
 I am looking out on the dreary waste,
 That lies so brown and bare.
 But the beautiful leaves are coming,
 The story is borne on the breeze.
 The swelling buds are nodding,
 And swaying in the trees.

This morning as the sunrise,
 Flooded all the land with light,
 Their silent voices whispered,
 We have been growing through the night,
 And some, even now unfolding,
 In soft sunlight and breeze,
 I watch for the faintest tinge of green,
 In the buds among the trees.

The blessed leaves, I greet them,
 In the Springtime when they come,
 And I mourn them in the Autumn,
 When their work of love is done,
 Branches, long shorn of beauty ;
 Awake ! O tempered breeze,
 Breathe gently on the barren boughs,
 And deck with leaves, the trees.

While new recruits are mustering,
 To replace those rudely slain,
 When the Frost-King, waved his sceptre,
 To proclaim his cruel reign,
 And by winding stream and hillside,
 Touched by the Southland breeze,
 The shining leaves again will clothe ;
 The dear old stately trees.

DRIFTING.

FULL many are the paths we tread,
 Seeking our destiny,
 Hopes and fears, too oft' unsaid,
 By you and me.

The world holds out a glittering prize,
 We quickly grasp,
 To greater good we close our eyes,
 And pleasure clasp.

Time moves us on, we fail to take,
 The richer store,
 We idly float, the baubles break,
 On barren shore.

And as our feet shall touch the strand,
 Too late we find,
 The good was spurned ; That held in hand,
 Was left behind.

TO THE STATUE OF NYDIA.

FAIR NYDIA, if thy pure cold lips could speak,
 Methinks the melody would echo long,
 In tremulous sweetness, o'er my spirit break,
 Inspiring thought with poetry and song.

If eyes unsealed, could open to the light ;
 As, with a touch of risen sun at morn,
 A modest flower, that closed and slept at night,
 In milder, brighter rays, was newly born,

And hand unclasped, could touch the lyre to weave
 Its tender strains with pleading plaintive tone.
 But cease vain longings ! Only God can give—
 The life, the soul, Man gives us sculptured stone.

The hand that gave thee wondrous grace is still,
 His form cold as the marble lies, a silent clod,
 And yet he lives—in thee, our hearts to thrill,
 And lift the soul to purity and God.

BEREFT.

O, INFINITE Father, Thou art ever nigh—
 And hearest the helpless whenever they cry,
 Bereft and forsaken, Thou heedest their sigh,
 Kindly Lord, lead them the still waters by.

Smooth the rough places, where little feet tread,
 Guard them and shield them, mother is dead !
 Turn away sorrow, temptation and dread,
 In the shadow of Thy love, pillow their head.

"The Death of a Friend."